

The wise breeder keeps control over the laws of reproduction, by a judicious selection of breeding animals; and crosses with an intelligent understanding of what the cross will produce, in "outline," and anatomical and physiological peculiarities. He is a poor man, indeed, who does not become familiar with the requirements of an engine, commercial expenditure of power in a given direction, and a poorer still, who does not familiarize himself with the tone, and elastic properties of metals, that he may select with reference to the dissimilar requirements of the several parts, and the combined power to be exerted by the whole. The machine aims to produce the greatest possible power in the smallest space, and with the least friction and fuel, in all of which he is consistent.

The art of breeding, being of equal, if not of greater importance, should be as carefully studied, and practiced upon by the farmer. There are several prominent ends which should be sought in the rearing of horses, and where the breeder succeeds in combining them, his reputation will be on a par with that of the plain farmer. An outline, pleasing to the eye, a fine quality of muscle, bone, and tendon, a large development of muscles, these combinations, giving the greatest power in the smallest space, speed and elasticity of movement, energy, intelligence and docility, large lungs and belly, with vigorous digestion, thus furnishing the means of engendering the greatest amount of physical force, from a given quantity of feed, and a long life, with continued health and energy.

These combinations are found but rarely, and we assert, without fear of contradiction, that the course heretofore generally pursued in breeding, has well nigh obliterated many of these leading characteristics of the genuine horse. We occasionally find an animal, in nearly every neighborhood, possessing these qualities in the largest degree, and although of advanced age, they are always relied upon with confidence, for the plow or the road. Of these noble specimens, of an almost bygone race, all are ready to bear testimony that "Old Charley," of the double tree has never been known to slacken, nor to limp, complain of the colic, or refuse to feed; while many a scrub has sickened by his side, or been turned out to grass with spring knees, spine, ringbone, windgalls and cholic, old "Charley" has kept the even tenor of his way, has seen generations of badly bred nags come and go, from want of capacity to digest a heavy feed, or to endure the labor of the field and road.

Farmers should select these rare specimens, and study their formation and peculiarities with care, and practice upon the lessons thus obtained. The very worst recommendation a breeding horse can possibly have, is that he possesses great height. If the horse had been mad, like the crane, for wading in search of food, or could be made useful to man for hunting ducks, or as a fruit ladder, then it might be well to breed a few for these objects. But, inasmuch as for all the uses to which we put the animal, long legs are a serious disadvantage, rendering him liable to trips at, an early age, (who ever saw a "leggy" horse fit for the road at fifteen or twenty,) and being invariably coupled with other serious imperfections, it is of the utmost importance that we steer clear of all animals for breeding purposes, both male and female, that show too much "daylight." Or, if under the apparent necessity of breeding from a mare with this form, a sire should be selected from the opposite extreme, and thus the defect "bred out" in the progeny.

The proper horse for the farmer, (and is just the horse for all purposes,) is one of enduring constitution, round in the body, and thick set, quick but not fiery, good sized joints, but not large boned, broad in the hips, deep in the quarter, strong in the loins, capacious in the chest, low upon the legs, and having a good hoof. Such a horse will be hardy, strong, a good traveler, and always up to the collar and the feed box.

Let us ask the farmers, what proportion of the horses that are kept through the country for breeders, are of this description. The horse that we have described as a "model," will always be found, if his generalology be traced back, to have sprung from high bred stock. He may not be great for size, but a trial of fifteen or twenty years, has proved to his owner, that he is possessed of quality unknown to the scrub. His muscle and joints are firm and powerful, and he moves with ease, a ball that staggers a scrub with flabby muscle and loosely set joints, though he be of greater size.

To keep crows from corn.—Take a quart of train oil, and as much turpentine and bruised gunpowder; boil them together, and when it is thick, dip pieces of rag in the mixture, and fix them on sticks in the field. About four are sufficient for an acre of corn.

The Ostrich will require looking to at this season. Destroy the worms laid by smoking them off with a spirit lamp, or rubbing them off with a swab on the end of a pale dipped in ley, or by shooting them off with a spool of powder in a gun.

To keep lettuce.—It is the tops of lettuce to be cut off when it is becoming too old for use, it will grow up again fresh and tender, and may thus be kept good through the summer.

The man who does most has the least time to talk about what he does.

At that moment, Sallie's countenance darkened, her whole frame trembled with great emotion, then resting her elbows on her lap, the big tears trickled from beneath her long black lashes.

Money is bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.

For the Farmer.
[From the Ohio Farmer.]
A SHORT CHAPTER ON HORSES.
We are very glad to be able to record the fact that farmers are paying increased attention to the improvement of their horse stock. The stimulus of "Agricultural Reading," and of "fairies," have produced a revolution in the minds of many persons, in regard to what is the proper stock for farmers to breed.

A MODERN CINCINNATUS.
In a long and pleasant conversation recently, with a distinguished friend, whose mind is rich with the recollections of the past, we gathered many incidents, not the least interesting of which was the following:

At the session of the South Carolina Legislature in 1814, the members were perplexed for a suitable man for Governor. The difficulty did not arise from any scarcity of candidates, for then, as now, men were ambitious, but from a want of the right sort of a man.

The matter became worse as the time wore on, and the election of some objectionable candidate seemed inevitable. One day, however, as several of them were conversing upon the matter, Judge O'Neal, then a young man, and present by invitation, remarked:

"Why not choose General David R. Williams?"
"David R. Williams! he's our man—he's the man!" they all exclaimed, as they began to scatter to tell the news.

The day of election came on, and Gen. Williams was elected by a large vote. A messenger was at once dispatched with a carefully prepared letter, to inform the General of his election, requesting his acceptance, and hoping he would name the day when he would take the oath of office.

After a hard ride, the messenger stopped at the General's residence in Moriborough District, we believe, and inquired if he was in. He was told that he was over at his plantation. The gentleman said he would ride over, and had a note to deliver to him as soon as possible. When about half way he met a fine-looking man, dressed in plain homespun, and driving a team of mules.

"Am I on the road to the plantation of General Williams?" asked the messenger.
"Yes, sir; it is about a mile further on," was the reply.

"Is the General at home?"
"No, sir."
"Where is he?"
"I am general Williams."

"You General David R. Williams?"
"I am the man."

"Don't deceive me. I have an important letter for General Williams. It is that your name," said the doubting messenger, "here it is," handing the letter to the General.

Mr. Williams opened the letter, and found to his utter astonishment, that, without his knowledge or consent, he had been elected Governor of South Carolina. He took the messenger home and entertained him for the night, preparing a note in the mean time accepting the appointment, and naming a time on which he would be in Columbia. The messenger returned.

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